

AN  
ENQUIRY  
AFTER  
RELIGION:  
OR,

A View of the *Idolatry, Superstition, Bigottry*  
and *Hipocrisie* of all Churches and Sects  
throughout the World.

Also some Thoughts of a late Ingenious Gentleman  
of the Royal Society concerning Religion.

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*Religion stands on tip-toe in our Land,  
Ready to pass to the American strand.* Herbert.

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*Dic quibus in Terris — & eris mihi magnus Apollo.*

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LICENSED,

April 23. 1691. R. M.

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L O N D O N,

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A View of the Liberty, Superstition, Bigotry  
and Intolerance of all Churches and Sects  
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of the Royal Society concerning Religion.

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LONDON

S O M E

Thoughts concerning *R E L I G I O N*.

**T**Here is nothing in which Mankind have been, in any comparison, so out of their Wits, as in what they have abusively call'd by this Sacred Name, Religion! In all Countreys it has been dy'd with Humane Blood, and swoln with Spoil and Rapine; written on the Heads of Tyrannies and Usurpations, and pleaded as the Cause, the Cause of prosperous Villanies: 'Tis divided into Atoms of Sells, and disputed into Air of Opinions; entialed to all the Vanities of sick Imagination, and claim'd by all the folly of zealous Ignorance.

If we attend to the Zeal and the Confidence, the loud Talk and bold Claims of each of the Pretenders, all are in the truth, and all mistaken: Every Sell is in the right, if it may be judg'd by the fondness of its own assurance; and every one is out by the sentence of all the rest: Here is Religion, says the Church of England; nay, but 'tis here, says the Dissenter; and the Papist gives the Lye to them both; and then they scuffle and contend 'till they have talk'd themselves out of Sense, out of Charity, and out of Breath: And when they would say on, but know not what, when their Passions are rais'd, but their Reasons lost; they fall to pelt each other with hard Names; they squabble and strive, and damn one another by turns; they gather Parties to help up the cry, and fill all places with the noise of their quarrels, and triumph and crow after a Conquest in Imagination: And after all this bustle, and all this ado, they sit down where they began; nothing is gain'd on either side but an addition of Malice and bitter Zeal, more rancour and more damning sentences, while they are, for the most part, as far from Truth as from Agreement.

This is the state of the Contending World, nor can we expect it should be otherwise, while Ignorance and Malice, Interest and Passion inspire the quarrels. Or if the Controversies should be ended, the Vose would doubtless be cast on the side of Folly and Falshood, for their adherents are more numerous, and most loud, while the friends of Truth and Reason are meek and modest, thinly scatter'd among the Herd, and still liable to be overborn and out-nois'd by the Tumult. But though Religion is thus exposed and scorn'd; though it is made ridiculous by some, and laugh'd at by

## Some Thoughts, &c.

others, yet 'tis no Creature of Melancholly or Design, but a great Reality, and no cunningly devised Fable; no dream of Imagination or interest of any lust, but as simple as Innocence, and as clear as the Virgin Light. Religion is a plain thing, and easie to be understood; 'tis no deep subtilty, or high-strain'd Notion; 'tis no gilded Fancy or elaborate exercise of the brain; 'tis not placed in the Clouds of Imagination, nor wrapt up in mystical cloathing; but 'tis obvious and familiar, easie and intelligible; first propos'd by Fishermen and Mechanicks, without pomp of speech, or height of speculation; address'd to Babes and Plebeian Heads, and intended to govern the Wills of the honest and sincere, and not to exercise the Wits of the Rational and Curious: So that we need not mount the Wings of the Wind to fetch Religion from the Stars, nor go down to the Deep to fetch it up from thence; for 'tis with us and before us, as open as the Day, and as familiar as the Light. The great Precepts of the Gospel are couched in Sun-beams, and are as visible to the common Eye as to the Eagle upon the highest perch. 'Tis no piece of Wit or Subtilty to be a Christian, nor will it require much Study or learned reticements to understand the Religion we must profess. That which was to be known of God, was manifest to the very Idiot, Rom. 1. 19. The Law is light, saith Solomon, Prov. 6. 23. And 'tis not only a single passing glance on the Eye, but 'tis put into the Ears, and the Promise is, That we shall all know him, from the greatest to the least. Our Duty is set up in open places, and shew upon by a clear Beam; 'twas written of old upon the plain Tables of Habbakkuk, Habk. 2. 2. so that the running Eye might see and read: And the Religion of the Holy Jesus, like himself, came into the World with Rays about his head. In fact, Religion is clear and plain, and what is not so, may concern the Theater, or the Schools; may entertain Mens Wits, and serve the Interest of Disputes; but 'tis nothing to Religion, 'tis nothing to the Love of sincere Souls. Those things that we count Mysteries are plainly enough discovered as to their being such as we believe them, though we cannot understand the manner how; and 'tis no part of Religion to enquire into that; but rather it enjoyns us meekly to acquiesce in the plain Declarations of Faith, without bold scrutiny into hidden things.

The sum is, Religion lies not in Systems of Opinion, but in Faith and Patience, Innocence and Integrity, in Love to God, and Charity to all the World. *Matth. 6. 8.* He hath shew'd thee, O Man, what is good, and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do Justice, and to love Mercy, and walk humbly with thy God? *James 1. 7.* Pure Religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the Widows and Fatherless in their Affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the World.



[1]  
AN

# ENQUIRY, &c.

**T**He, beautiful *UNA*, (*a*) of a Race Divine,  
 The first, the best of all Heav'n's *Royal Line*:  
 Thro' the *wide World* the Muse resolves to seek,  
 Farther than ever went the *wandering* (*b*) *Greek*:  
 The *Golden Fleece* did *Jasens* Search employ,  
*Aeneas* fail'd to find another *Troy*:  
 Not the wild *Deserts* of th' *Atlantick Main*  
 Cou'd fright the brave *Columbus* back again.  
 Our aim's more high, our *Enterprize* more bold,  
 Our search for something more refin'd than *Gold*.  
*Veer the Main-sheet of Fancy*, till we're born  
 To th' utmost *Chambers* of the rising *morn*:  
 Where *Infant day* its blushing *Forehead* rears,  
 And *either World* the *Suns* kind bounty shares:  
 Encircled round with a small *Troop* of *Friends*,  
 See where the *Goddess* from the *Ark* descends,  
 On *Ararat's* proud *Top* they *Altars* raise,  
 And with her sing their mighty *Saviours* praise.  
 The *Good old Man*, who knew no guilt or sin,  
 All *white* without, and *Innocent* within;  
*Noah* himself was then the *Priest*, as he  
 The *King* and *Father* of the *Family*.  
 No long *distracting Systems* then were taught  
 For *Fundamental Truths*, no *Cobwebs* wrought  
 In thin *Scholastick Brains*, each *morn* they rise,  
 And on the *Mountain* pray and *Sacrifice*:  
 A *Turf* their *Altar*, *Heav'n* their *Temple* then,  
 Their *Congregation* all the Race of *Men*.

(*a*) True  
 Iliad. Vid.  
*Spencers* F.  
*Queen*.

(*b*) *Ulysses*.

B

Here

L 7

Here dwelt *Religion* long, with all her Train  
 Of Joys, nor wilt'd to fly to *Heav'n* again.  
 To *Noah's Sons* a few short *Rules* did give,  
 While his *Example* taught 'em how to live.  
*Justice* and *Prudence*, mutual *Peace* and *Love*,  
 Just thoughts of man below, and those above;  
*Reverence* of *Parents*, whatsoe're they be,  
*Pursuit* of *Virtue*, flight of *Cruelty*:  
 But *Error* soon did this blest'd *Troop* invade,  
 And in their little *Church* disturbance made.  
 'Twas cursed *Cham* who first began to stray,  
 No longer he'd his *Doting* *Sire* obey,  
 But led one third of all the *World* away.  
*Error* they for *Religion* with 'em rake,  
 Their homely *Turfs*, and *Sky-light* *Roofs* forsake,  
 And glittering *Robes*, and gawdy *Temples* make;  
 By her direction *Babel's Towers* rise,  
 And *Story* after *Story* pierce the *Skies*;  
 Till thro' calm *Ether* now the *Lab'ers* go,  
 And fearless see the *Clouds* and *Storms* below:  
 Th' *Almighty* saw, and with an angry frown  
 He thunders all their *Mole-hill* *Labours* down,  
 Compells 'em soon to leave that hated place,  
 Scatt'ring *Confusion* round the faithless Race;  
 Some dreggs remained,  
 Who in their cursed *Fathers* footsteps trod,  
 Their *Faith* they chang'd before and now their *God*,  
 Their *Grandfire* \* *Belus* must be he or none,  
 He fills the *Shrine*, who lately fill'd the *Throne*.  
 Still *Errors* here, altho' she took her flight,  
 With every *wrangling* tongue, and well she might,  
 For *Truth* is one, but *Error* infinite;  
 Scatter'd thro' every *Nation*, *Age* and *Place*,  
 Or she her self, or her unnumber'd *Race*,  
 Yet still *Religion's* mask adorns their *Face*.  
 And while their foul deformities they hide,  
 They only are *true*, and all are *cheats* beside.

The Origin  
 of Idolatry.

They

They in a thousand various *shapes* appear,  
 A thousand odd *fantastick forms* they wear.  
 Those by their *Reasons* glimm'ring *Light* proceed,  
 These lean on lame *Traditions* broken Reed,  
 A third who only *Senses* aid implore,  
 The *Sun* and all his glitt'ring *Host* adore :  
 Others, whom conscious *Guilt* and *Fear* pursue,  
 Worship the Devil, that he no harm may do,  
 Their Idols all an ugly ghastly crew.  
 Tho' many monstrous *Beasts* hot *Africk* seas,  
*Asia* can boast more monstrous *Deities*.  
 \* Say ancient *China* what thy *Temples* hold  
 Thy *Gods* of *Iron* and thy *Gods* of *Gold*.  
*Tremendous Forms* whose looks chill *Horror* bear,  
 And like true *Demons*, fright the *burdened air*.  
 And well they may, whole hungry *Scent* and *Eyes*  
 † Are only feasted in a *Sacrifice*.  
 Since fed with nought but *smoak*, well may they *lowr*,  
 That all the *meat* their own fat *Priests* devour ;  
 Nay most unmercifully use the † *Rod*,  
 And when they please lay on their *naughty God*.  
 If well their *Shelf* of *Porcelain*, hee'll not guard,  
 Nor their *Devotion* with *Rupies* \* reward.  
 No wonder true *Religion* won't abide  
 In Realms so full of *Ignorance* and *Pride* ;  
 Yet many you'll like the *Chineses* find,  
 Who only *see*, and think all others *blind*.  
 Of great *Chufu* † their mouth are ever full,  
 Tho' good and prudent he, they *lame* and *dull*.  
 Shou'd we go on i'th' *track* we late began,  
 And search the *Temples* of remote *Japan*,  
 What Idols ancient *India* ever knew,  
 What *Malabar*, or *Ceylon*, or *Pegu* ;  
 What numerous droves of *Gods* and *Monkeys* rove  
 Thro' each fair *Plain*, thick *Wood*, or *Sacred Grove* ;  
 Of ever getting home we must despair,  
 The *Sun* wou'd first *drive round* and find us there :  
 Yet *Ganges* must we not forget thy *fall*  
 Rever'd by th' rich *Natives* of *Bengale* ;

\* Religion of *Asia*.

† The *Chinese* Priests offer the *steem* of the *Mear* to their *Gods*, and eat it themselves.

‡ They also whip their Idols when they obtain not what they desire.

\* A sort of *Coin* in use in the *Eastern* Countries.

† Their great Philosopher called by the *Jesuits* *Confucius*.

Not *Nile* was worship't by fat *Egypt* more,  
 Nor *Crete* of old could her own *Jove* adore :  
 Upon the *reedy Banks* in vain they pray,  
 Not all thy *waves* can wash their *guilt* away :  
 How many glit'ring *Pagods* may be told  
 By thy wide streams ? how dawl'd with *Gems* and *Gold* !  
 With *humane* or with *brutal victims* fed,  
 While thou for fear shrink'st back thy *conscious Head* :  
 While the distracted *Faquirs* \* still invent  
 Themselves by some new methods to torment  
 What *Pains* the wretches for *Damnation* take !  
 Not half the adoe our *Western* † *Faquirs* make ;  
 Tho' they so much to mortify pretend,  
 In what *distorted shapes* themselves they bend ;  
 What *cords*, what *wounds*, what *heat*, what *cold* they bear,  
 Expos'd to all th' *Inclemencies* o'th' *Air* !  
 How many years in the same *posture* stand †,  
 Nor move tho' the *Mogul* himself commands !  
 This to his *Idol* vows *silence* profound,  
 Half plung'd in *Lakes*, or bury'd in the *ground* ;  
 That *perches* like a *Bird* on some *tall Tree*,  
 From mortal *Conversation* to be free,  
 And wait the *whispers* of his *Deitie*.

Thus those who once possess'd the self same place,  
 The *Predecessors* of their foolish *Race* ;  
 The fond *Gymnosophists* † wou'd gazing stand,  
 Their *Eyes* the *Sun* did burn, their *feet* the sand :  
 Thought all their *Sence* must lose who *Reason* find,  
 And none cou'd walk or see till lame and blind.  
 With these the *Squeamish Bramins* let us rank,  
 Who like their *Cattle* graze on *Ganges* bank :  
 They from all *Food* but *milk* and *herbs* abstain,  
 And think that half the *World* was made in vain.  
 Their *holy Cows* propitious aid implore,  
 So her kind *Udders* full they ask no more ;  
 What ere their *Conscience* is, they are not *nice*,  
 A bless'd *Religion* 'tis for *Fleas* and *Lice* †.

\* The Indian  
Priests.

† The Romish  
Priests.

† See *Herberts*  
*Travels*.

\* Vid. *Quint.*  
*Curt.*

† They make  
it a piece of  
their Religion  
to Kill nothing.

Not

Not a *lame Dog* whose *Cries* their *Succours* call,  
 But they'll *relieve* and send to th' *Hospital*,  
 Shame to our *World*, we *Men* like *Beasts* do *serve*,  
 While their wide *Care* will *Beasts* like *Men* preserve,  
 Unless when *Error* prompts to *Cruelty*  
 And makes 'em mad and *barbarous* (c) as we :  
 A false *Religion* at no mischief stands,  
 But dyes in *Blood* its *Votaries* guilty hands,  
 No difference makes, promiscuous *Victims* brings,  
 Their own, their *Friends*, their *Fathers* or their *Kings*.  
 Let this *Nursing* as horrid *Rites* declare  
 When the poor *Wretch* high mounted in the *Air*,  
 Rais'd to the frightful *Idols* frowning brow,  
 On dreadful *Tethers* hung performs his *Vow*,  
 Where the proud *Pagods* *Chariot* rolls along,  
 Guarded by an *innnumerable* throng,  
 Happy they think the *Wretch*, and *Martyr* call,  
 Who to their *Dev'lish* gods a *Victim* fall ;  
 Who coming *Death* with *Joy* and *Rapture* feels,  
 His *Soul* crush'd out beneath the ponderous *Wheels*.

Let's cross the *Gulph*, my *Muse*, and hasten o're  
 To search at *seven-month'd Nile's* uncertain shore ;  
 There sure in vain we shan't *Religion* seek,  
 As common as the *Opium* or the *Lack*.  
 A goodly *flock* of gods, a numerous breed !  
 There lies a *Deity* in every *Seed*.  
 Kinder *Divinities* the *World* ne're saw,  
 You how you please may eat 'em, *boyl'd* or *raw*.  
 Some *Gods* they eat on the soft *Banks* of *Nile*,  
 Others eat *them* — the dreadful *Crocodile*  
 Whom *Egypt* serves, as th' *Indians* *Fiends* revere,  
 Or *Europe* *Tyrants*, not for love but fear.  
 To some to still their *Children* they're devout ;  
 Divine *Anubis* with his *ugly snout*,  
*Hounds-head*, and *Ears* which to the *Earth* incline  
 With humane *Trunk* ; and *Apis* more divine,  
 Nay, some wise *Towns* in zealous *Battle* joyn.

(c) The *Wes-*  
*tern* *Bigots*, *Pa-*  
*pists*, &c.

} Whether



(a) Vid. *Journal*.

Whether the *Crocodile* or *Monkey* (a) be,  
 All things well weigh'd the greater *Deity*;  
 Their hideous *Typhon* we'll not here describe,  
 Nor all their huge unnam'd, unnumber'd *Tribes*  
 Of *Bug-bear* Gods, still new and new each *morn*  
 As fast as *Niles* imperfect *Mice* are born.  
 But hence we'll to *Arabia's Sands* repair,  
 And search if true *Religion's* wandering there;  
 Who of her only this pretend to know  
 — She that way pass'd two thousand years agoe,  
 More of the matter how d'ye expect they shou'd  
 Who ever since no *Trade* but *Theft* pursu'd,  
 And rob to get an honest *Livelihood*.

To fruitful *Palestine* let's next proceed,  
 Where by her *Track* we find she has *hid* indeed;  
 Whose very *Stones* and *Hills* her *Footsteps* bear,  
 Each *Field*, each *River* owns she once was there,  
 But now of an eternal *Loss* complain;  
 We *Hermion's* fragrant top may search in vain,  
 Or *Gilead's* neighbor'g *Mouns* or lovely *Plain*;  
 Both that and her once boasted *Balm* are gone,  
 Nor dwells she in forsaken *Lebanon*,  
 Nor ev'n on ancient *Sions* sacred brow,  
 Once sacred, but profane and common now;  
 Long scorn'd and injur'd by that *stiff-neck'd* race,  
 The *Dove* cou'd bear no more, but left the *Place*,  
 Nor more will fix on some peculiar ground,  
 But far away wing's the wide *World* around.  
 She scatters *Blessings* with her where she flies,  
 An *Olive-branch* she bears, which *Peace* implies,  
 The flaming *Sword's* remov'd from *Paradise*,  
 Clean and Unclean's no more, the *Ark* is free,  
 Whoever comes may now admitted be,  
 Religion now no longer we'll despair  
 To find thee out, since thou art every where;  
 Yes — we too soon may find her — see — she's there:  
 'Tis she, her face all cover'd with a flood  
 Of briny *Tears*, her *Garments* roll'd in *Blood*:

Circled

Circled with *Flames* and *Lyons*, bound in *Chains*,  
 I'th' midst of *Racks*, *Tormentors*, *Deaths* and *Pains*,  
 Yet spite of all her *Constancy* retains.  
 Sure *Sorrow* never lookt with better grace —  
 Celestial *Odors* fill the happy place ;  
 An *Angel* comes, and wipes her heav'nly *Face*,  
 Then lifts the *Banner* of the *Cross* on high,  
 See the bright *Signal* glitt'ring in the *Skye* :  
 See *Heav'n* above which wards each threatening blow,  
*Heav'n* there, and generous *Constantine* below ;  
 With whom the *Pagans* to their cost did trye  
 The *Christians* now cou'd fight as well as dye ; (a)  
 With her the *Conqu'rer* did the *World* divide,  
 And plac'd her close by his triumphant side ;  
 In the *Imperial Purple* made her shine,  
 And kiss'd her *Wounds*, and bath'd in *Tears* and *Wine*.  
 True she was humble still, tho' this she allow'd  
 To keep her from *Contempt* among the *Croud* ;  
 But soon her foolish *Sons* grew vain and proud,  
 Contend and strive all round the conquer'd *Globe*,  
 And rend and tear their Mothers *seamless Robe* :  
 Was it for this the *Idol Temples* fell,  
 And every *Demon* left his *Oracle* ?  
 They taught and rul'd the *World* almost as well.  
 Nay, wiser they, and much, much more i'th' right  
 Since whatsoe're their *dreaming Poets* write,  
 They never did against each other fight.  
 First *subtile Heads* new *Faiths*, new *Creeeds* devise,  
 And thred-bare old *simplicity* despise.  
 The *Apostles* had not *Metaphysicks* read,  
 Their *Sence* was dull, their *Notions* cold and dead.  
 And too *confus'd* — *Religion's* course and plain,  
 We'll quickly show the *World* a purer *Vein*,  
 And teach her how to reach a loftier *strain*.  
 Proud *Arrius* first begun the fatal *Game*,  
 And big with *Plagues* from *Alexandria* came ;  
 Confusion, *Mischief* and *Distraction* hurl'd  
 Before him, scatt'ring *Poyson* round the *World* :

(a) *Cedebant*  
*non cedebant*  
 as the *Writers*  
 of those times  
 relate it.

Against him soon did the *warm Saint* (b) arise *this bold*  
 With *zealous Thunder* in his *Voice* and *Eyes* ; *to fight*  
 The *Gospel* in the *Quarrel* *ne're* were *miss*, *he to fight*  
 But *Plato* grew a *fifth Evangelist* : *you were*  
*Parties* were made, *Councils* with *Councils* *vy'd*,  
*Unerring Number* must the *Cause* decide.  
 He that has *fewest Hands* in *Hell* he burns,  
 — And thus they *Vote Damnation* round by turns.  
 So loud, their *Mothers Voice* they neither mind,  
 Tho' she so *sad*, so *tender* and so *kind* :  
 Her self she throws between, to part the *Fray*,  
 And begs 'em by her *Tears* and *Wounds* to *stay* :  
*Deaf* as the *Winds* when struggling *Tempests* *rage*,  
 They'd thro' her *sides* each other *fain* engage,  
 She's *trampled down* by their *contending* *might*,  
 Whilst over her the *unnatural Wretches* *fight* :  
 And when they found that *damning* would not do,  
 At last they went to work with *killing* too :  
*Empires* and *Kings* engage in the *dispute*,  
 Each other *banish*, *vex* and *persecute* ;  
*Religion* wounded from the *Dust* ascends,  
 No more to *reconcile* 'em now *pretends*,  
 But how it pleas'd, begs *Heav'n* to make 'em *Friends*.  
 Who from the *East* th' *Arrabian* † *Monster* sends  
 An *Abject Slave*, who *Desolation* brings  
 In his *broad Sword*, where e're his *Arm* he *flings*,  
 Where e're his *Feet* he sets he *tramples Kings*.  
 Whatever's *sacred* there before him *flies*,  
 Or *crusht* in *miserable* *ruines* *lies*.  
 No *Faith*, no *Word* he keeps — ah *Wretch* *accurst*,  
 On *Rapine* fed, in *Blood* and *Murthers* *nurst*.  
 All the fair *Fields* of *Greece* a *Desart* made,  
 And every *starely Town* in *ashes* laid,  
 The ancient *Nurseries* of *wis* and *sense*,  
 The *Seats* of *Learning* and of *Eloquence*.  
 All his *Religion* was, to do him *right*  
 As *others* since, only to *whore* and *fight*.

Unbounded

Unbounded *Liberty* to *Lust* he gave,  
 Which made the *hot-vein'd Saracen* his *Slave*.  
 A nearer way than *Industry* he'd shown  
 To *wealth*, kill the *Possessor all's your own*.  
 Seek not *Religion* there, alas 'tis fled,  
 Or else with all good *Arts* besides it, *dead*;  
 Whilst he its ravish'd vacant place supplies  
 With *Rhapsodies* of *Nonsense*, *Folly*, *Lies*.  
 Conceive a *pis'd Confusion* he that can,  
 A *heap of Nothings*, that's the *Alcaboran*,  
 A *System* of flat *Incongruities*,  
 And incoherent dull *Absurdities*,  
 Supplying want of *Reason*, *Wit* and *Sence*,  
 With empty pompous bloated *Eloquence*;  
*Cunning* not *wise* the *wretch* himself has shown,  
 Of all *Religions*, yet indeed of *none*;  
 Of every *Sett* and *Hereſie* he takes,  
 Not *composition* but *confusion* makes,  
*Jew*, *Christian*, *Heathen* jumbles in one *Law*,  
 The greatest *Monster Nature* ever saw,  
 He plac'd no *Padlock* on their *Lecherie*,  
 All had as many *Concubines* as he:  
 The hop'd success th' *Impostor* quickly found,  
 His *Doctrine* all *Luxurious Asia* own'd.  
*Persia* reveres her *Sacred Fire* † no more,  
 But this new *Ignis Fatuus* now adore,  
 Yet quarrel for his lawfull *Succeſſor*.  
*Homar* they bait and *damm* to endless *Fire*,  
 'Tis *bleſſed Italy* they alone admire.  
 Thro' the wide *East* this *Poison* creeps along,  
 And to th' *Impostors Tomb* whole *Nations* throng:  
*India*, *Arabia*, *Aſſrick's* *Deſarts* wild,  
 Nay, *Europe's* fertile *Fields* more *civiliz'd* and mild:  
*Nature* it self had fix'd 'em bounds in vain,  
 Nor cou'd the narrow *Helleſpont* contain  
 Their numerous *ſwarms* — the fatal *ſtream* is croſt,  
 And, *Conſtantine*, thy glorious *Tow'rs* are loſt.

† The *Persian*  
 anciently (and  
 ſome few at  
 preſent) wor-  
 ſhip the *Fire*.  
 See Sir John  
 Chardin's *Voy-*  
 ages.

The Pope.

The *Crescent* rises, and the *Cross* goes down;  
 And *Europe* now they reckon all their own.  
 Not to the *Musti* \* on th' *Italian* side,  
 Who'd not lose all, but willingly divide:  
 They need not for their *shares* keep much ado,  
 'Tis hard, or all the *World's* enough for two.  
 'Tis true, the *Roman Caliph* cannot bear  
 Two holy *Cheats* at once to fill one *Chair*,  
 Preserves his high unrival'd *Dignity*;  
 Nor is there other *Antichrist* but he.  
 Out-does dull *Mahomet* and all his *Crew*,  
 Contrives a *Worship* more sublime and new,  
 Which *Christ* and his *Apostles* never knew:  
 In the old *Pagan* grafted, more refin'd,  
 And some new profitable *Doctrines* join'd,  
 Convenient *Articles*, which *Service* do,  
 Not only in this world, but 't'other too;  
 Tho *Pagan Temples* now are blest and cruc'd,  
 Not one good serviceable hint was lost,  
 Which from the *Roman Flamins* might be learn'd:  
 Thus far *Pantheon* wisely they discern'd  
 For every *Idol* did a *Swine* provide,  
 In what're *Place* or *Country* dignify'd:  
 Nor made *Enquiry* what they were before,  
*Mercury*, or *Venus*, *Thief*, or *Band*, or *VVhore*;  
 Civil to *Strangers* whence so ere they came,  
 And who'd a piece of such good *Nature* blame?  
 No *Traveller* entred on this happy *Coast*,  
 But here might find their *Gods* where ever *last*.  
 And if with a good *Heart* and *Purse* they come,  
 Might pray and pay as well as if at *home*.  
 Thus the old *Romans* did, and thus new *Rome*:  
 It lik'd the *Humour* well, and was content  
 To copy from so fair a *President*.  
 An *All-Saints Church* of old *Pantheon* made;  
 Thus the *Sign's* chang'd, tho' th' *House* still keeps the *Trade*.  
*Mahomet* was a *stupid* *Sot*, nor knew  
 The *Feats* an *Image* might be taught to do.

He



He thought it an *unprofitable Sin*,  
 And threw 'em out; *Rome* wiselier kept 'em in :  
 Cuts off the *Horus* which did of old disgrace  
 Her *Gods*, and grafted *Glories* in their place,  
*Venus* and *Cupid* which the *Pagans* use  
 To adore, their *Temples* can't a place refuse, }  
 Those *pretty Deities* they must not loose.  
 Take *Mars* from one, and take his *Bow* from 'tother,  
 They'll make a very *decent Son and Mother*.  
*Jove* needs but *little mending*, he that will  
 Find fault ! the *Thunderer* is a *Thunderer still*.  
*Castor* and *Pollux* have at *Sea* the same  
 Due *Reverence* paid, only they've chang'd their *Name*,  
 With *Chrism* and *Holy-water* exorcis'd,  
 Their's into *Christianity* surpriz'd, }  
 As *Indians* by a *Spanish Priest* baptiz'd.  
 But who i'th name of *Wonder* did prefer  
 Some *lusty Rebel* in the *Giants War*,  
 To be that *Swinger* of a *Christian Saint*,  
 Whom those at *Rome* like *Polyphemus* paint ;  
 Who *all the World* on his broad *Back* did bear,  
 (His *Feet* the while two *Angels* held i'th *Air*,) }  
 That huge *unmerciful St. Christopher* :  
 If *Catholick Religion* that we'll call,  
 Which has the *largest Arms*, and takes in *all* ;  
*Rome* claims the *Title*, *superstitious*, *lewd*,  
*Profane*, *debauch'd*, *vain*, *silly*, *bad* or *good* ;  
 It welcomes *all*, or *all except the last*,  
 And different *Baits* throws out for every *Taste*.  
*Musick* and *Songs* for those that *Musick* crave,  
 For *Women*, *Children*, *Fools*, they *Babbies* have ;  
 For *traytrous Fryars* a *Halter* they provide,  
 That still hangs gently *dangling* by their *Side*.  
 Poor *hungry Mob* with heav'nly *Dishes* treat,  
 Gape, gape, you *Rogues* ! such *Food* you ne're did eat,  
 A *mass* of *Gods*— their *taste*, no doubt, *divine* ;  
 Be thankful then— but not one *spoon* of *Wine* !  
 Not one dear drop the *thirsty Priest* will spare,  
 Poor *Wretch*— his *Lips* must needs be *dry* with *Pray'r*.

Won't all this do? then t'other *trick* begin,  
 You've warrant for't— *compell 'em to come in* :  
 Goad all the *restive Souls*, who fondly wait  
 Without, and will not pass the *Church's Gate* ;  
 Torment and *worry* them into *Salvation*,  
 Rack, hang, or *dann* to save 'em from *Damnation*.  
 This *Rome's Religion* was, and is so still,  
 This did of old our great *Forefathers* feel  
 Her Arguments, the *Whip*, the *Fire*, the *Wheel* ; }  
 To all dare'd true *Religion* entertain,  
 Who fled for aid to the *cold Alps* \* in vain :  
 In vain she hop'd in safety there to dwell  
 'Midst *Hills* and *Vallies* inaccessible ;  
 Error pursues, now *only* does *not stray*,  
 But to those deep *Recesses* where she lay,  
 Like *Hannibal* did *make*, or *find a way* :  
 Devotion and true *Zeal* her high pretence,  
 And often *torn* and *wounded*, forc'd her thence ;  
 Tho in those *Rocks* she left a *sacred Race*,  
 And *Monuments*, which *Rome* shall ne're deface.  
 From place to place she like her *Master* fled,  
 Like him she knew not where to *hide her head*.  
 With *Wickliff* here did for a while *sojourn*, }  
 Or o're brave *Cobham's* valiant *Asbes* mourn,  
 Till following *Error* forc'd her to return :  
 Amongst devoted *Albigenses* straid,  
 Or in *Bohemian Villa's* wept and pray'd.  
 With *Huss* and *Prague* to *Constance* did repair,  
 The Emp'rors *Royal Word* her safeguard there :  
 But *Error* quickly had found out 'twas she,  
 And with her *Friends* *Falsbood* and *Perjury*,  
 Voted all *Faith* to *Hereticks* null and void,  
 Made only to be *taken* and *destroy'd*.  
 Hereby she *scapes*, her dear *Companions* lost  
 In *Martyrs* *Flames* ; by various *Tempests* tosd ;  
 Till with brave *Zisca* and his *Favourites*  
 Residing, she not only *prays*, but *fights* :  
 Till the bold *German Monk* †, who long enquir'd  
 For her *shade*, found her at last retir'd

\* The Coun-  
 try of the  
*Piemontois*, &c.

† *Lushev*.

From

From the rude *World* and places of *Resort*,  
 Found her, and brought her to the *German Court*,  
 The *Princes* kiss'd her *Wounds*, her *wrongs* deplore,  
 And her to *Thrones* and high *Tribunals* bore,  
 Scarce cou'd her first-lov'd *Constantine* do more :  
 Lov'd and carefs'd by these *illustrious Friends*,  
 By their kind aid new *Colonies* she sends  
 Throughout the *World*, the stubborn *North* obey,  
 Throw off *Rome's* *Iron Yoke* for her more *gentle sway*.  
 With these rich *Albion* sees with glad surprise  
 Her *Idol-Temples* fall, and *Churches* rise.  
 The helpless rotten *Road* a *Bonfire* makes,  
 Each cheating *Fiend* his *Oracle* forsakes,  
 Their *Miracles* are lying wonders found,  
 Their sacred *Ducks-blood* † scatter'd on the ground :  
 From the *Familiar Samuel's* *Mantle* fell,  
 And back he fled agen to *Rome* and *Hell*.  
 Learning and all good *Arts* with speed revive,  
 And by *Religions* kind *Protection* live :  
 The *Golden Age* returns, and who'd admire  
 The *Dross* shou'd be remov'd by *Martyrs* *Fire* ?  
 Nay *Jove* himself, 'tis said, had *Orders* given  
 That blest *Astræa* shou'd return from *Heaven* :  
 But ah, some *Seeds of ancient Fraud* remain,  
 Which made the wondrous *Change* almost in *vain* ;  
 And when old *Arts* wou'd now no longer do,  
 Too — fruitful *Error* soon invented *new* ;  
 Demands *Recruits from Hell*, the *Fiends* obey ;  
 Th' *Enchantress* waves her *Wand*, they hast away  
 From baleful *Caves*, and intercept the *Day* :  
 See in what *Troops* they to her aid advance,  
*Malice* and *Discord*, *Pride* and *Ignorance*.  
 Black, foul-mouth'd *Blasphemy*, whose forked tongue  
 Hisses at *Heav'n*, and thinks its *Thunder* long  
 Before it strikes, *Injustice*, *Rapine*, *Wrong*,  
*Oppression* on the *Hearts* of *Orphans* fed,  
*Tyrannick-Rule*, by *Will*, not *Justice* led,  
 And foul *Rebellion* with her *Hydra-head* :

† Vid. *Fox* of  
 the *Dissoluti-*  
 on of *Abbys*.

*New fangled-Faith, and worse than all the rest  
 Hypocrisie, in Sheeps-fair-Cloathing drest  
 Within a Wolfe's fierce Paws, a Tygar's Breast.  
 The hellish Train she views with barb'rous Joy,  
 And doubts not to disgrace, if not destroy  
 Religions Colonies, to blast their Fruit,  
 If not prevail against the stubborn Root.  
 Go then, she said, my lov'd Companions goe,  
 Act what may Envy raise in those you leave below :*

*Haunt all the Enemies to us and you,  
 If they'll reform, be you Reformers too !  
 She said — like Locusts round the World they flew,  
 And each fair Field thro' which their Armies pass'd,  
 Not only with their odious weight lay waste,  
 But striving to perpetuate their kind,  
 They leave a fruitful numerous Spawn behind ;  
 No Place, no Age, from their Vexation free,  
 No Church or Sect, from spacious Germany,  
 To thee, O wretched Albion ! tortur'd more  
 With this than all thy other Plagues before.  
 The Bigotts first, who if their Cause is right,  
 No thanks to them, they only blindfold fight  
 The largest Catholick Church that e're was found,  
 Wide stretcht thro' all the universal Round ;  
 But none to a greater heights of madness come  
 ( They'd have you call it Zeal ) than ours at home :  
 A foul black humour which not all the Flood  
 Of Thames can wash away, still sours their Blood.  
 The pois'nous Juice still grumbles in their Veins,  
 And as the Moon directs it, turns their Brains :  
 Then like mad Indians, rambling thro' the Street  
 They run-a-muck, and murder all they meet.  
 Thus Aeneas's horrid Caverns ever glow  
 With sullen subterranean Fires below ;*

*But when contending winds thro' some small chink  
 Or cranny rush, or its hot Intrails drink,  
 Trinacrian Waves, it rises to the brink,*

And

And *liquid Flames* in dreadful *Currents* fall,  
Loud bellowing on *Catania's* neighb'ring *VVall*.

What *Strife*, what *Jars*, what an impetuous *Flood*,  
Wide rolling down, of *Mischief*, *VVars* and *Blood*  
Derive their *Origine* and *Spring* from thee  
*Firebrand* of *England*, hated *Bigottrie* ?  
*Practis'd* by all, and yet by all *decry'd*,  
*Hated* by all — but still of t'*other side* :  
As *Tradesmen* will their *cheating Neighbours* blame,  
Who only *Occasion* want to do the *same*.  
Was not the last *sad Age* thy *Vengeance* cloy'd,  
*Three flourishing Kingdoms* more than half *destroy'd*  
By thy *wild Fury*, that the *same disgrace*  
Thou striv'st to entail on their *unhappy Race* ?  
But that we know thou dost unjustly bear  
*Religious Name*, the *VVorld* wou'd that *forswear*,

And turn meer *Atheists* in despite of thee ;  
Ev'n a more *silly Sect* if that can be.

*Pools* leave one *Vice*, and chuse its *contrarie*.  
And such thy *Followers* are, still *on they run*,  
Nor value *where*, so they each other *shun* :

In *sw'ring Top-knots* these *Religion* dress,  
*Those* even her *Hair* pull off, and some confess  
They like her *best* in *Raggs* or *Nakedness*.

This *Fate* uneasie *Scotland* ever mourns,  
Where every *Sect* each other *plagues* by *turns* :

*Bonnet* or *Mitre* be't that fills the *Chair*,  
*Woe* to the *VVretch* whose *Lot* it is to bear :  
They never knew what 'twas a *Friend* to *spare* ;  
Or *Church* or *Kirk* when once they get *astride*,  
While *Arms* and *VVhip*, and *Leather* hold they *ride* :

The *Malice* even of *Fables* they'll out-do  
And for their *Foes* one *Eye* they'll forfeit *two*.  
Not that at *home* we much behind 'em fall,  
Rather than fail, wee'll forfeit *Head* and all.  
Each *Sect* pretends *Infallibility*,  
They only *true*, the rest a *Cheat* and *Lye*.



*Maggots* which in Religion's *Carkas* breed,  
 When in the last sad Age she lost her head ;  
 Whence numerous swarms of various *Insects* rise,  
 Deafen the *Air*, and fill the darken'd *Skies* ;  
 Of different *casts*, of different *shape* and *wing*,  
 A warlike Race, all arm'd with *claws* and *sting*,  
 Like *Earth-born Brethren*, meet with equal spite  
 And rage, for they no sooner *live* but *fight*.  
 Some came from *Forreign Shores*, which we'd be loth  
 To wrong, (but most of our own *natural growth*;) }  
 Hungry and lean they came, tho' since 'tis clear  
 They're very much improv'd and *batten'd* here.  
 For such a *crop* but little *Labour* needs, }  
 'Tis a rank *Soyl*, and wondrous kind to *weeds* :  
 From distant *Poland* came the fruitful *Seeds*  
 Long since by sly *Socinus* scatter'd there,  
 Which but too soon a large *increase* did bear.  
 They rose to *Plants*, which to our *Fields* convey'd, }  
 And rooted here by monstrous *Biddle's* aid,  
 Projected far away their *deadly shade*.  
*Socinus* is believ'd instead of *Christ*,  
 And *Crellius* makes a *Fifth Evangelist*.  
 For true Religion they *false Reason* take,  
 Of *Man* a *God*, of *God* a *Man* they make :  
*Idolaters* *Idolatry* to shun  
*Two Gods* adore, while they believe but *one* :  
 Forsaken by that *Saviour* they abuse, }  
 Left by that *sacred Guide* they scorn to use,  
 Their boasted *Reason* in wild *Nonsense* loose ;  
 So vain is *Man*, so gross his *Errors* be, }  
 Who more than him who gave him *Eyes* would see  
 And boast to comprehend the *Deitie* ! }

But tho' so loud they *Persecution* blame,  
 If bad their *Faith*, their *Charity's* the same :  
 Witness *Cracovian Fields*, and that wild *Flood*  
 Which conquer'd all, of *Error* mix'd with *Blood*.  
 O had the spreading *Poyson* there remain'd,  
 Or in one *Age*, if not one *Place* contain'd

Its hated growth, we *that* had neither had  
 Nor *Antidotes* which are almost as bad.  
 Orthodox *Zeal* where it too warmly burns,  
 Seizes the *Brain* and a *Vertigo* turns;  
*Christ's* Doctrines would like *Antichrist* defend,  
 The Gospel plant by *Writ of Comburend'*:  
 Or *Books* or *Men* the same; nay, more unkind,  
 They in *Repentance* scarce relief shall find,  
 But must be *burnt* while they're in a good mind. }  
 'Twixt these *Extreams* Religion tortur'd stands,  
*Weeps* Tears of Blood, her Side, her Feet, her Hands  
 Torn, wounded, pierc'd, yet pierc'd with *shame* far more,  
 As was her *Master* 'twixt two *Thieves* before.  
 All *madness* some with the *Socinian* Race  
 Would *tolerate*, all *Blasphemies* embrace;  
 Others *Infallibility* defend,  
 Yet rail at *Rome's*, and since too good to mend, }  
 Would neither *Tolerate*, nor *Comprehend*.  
 By each his *Adversaries* Face is shown  
 So ugly that they never mind their own.  
 These *Moderation* hate, and these no less  
*Immoderately* for *Moderation* press:  
 Some *Honour* at a distance keeps, some fear  
 Their *Cheats* shou'd be descry'd if view'd too near;  
 Some think the *Breach* too great, and some too small }  
 To' admit or need a Cure, some loudly bawl  
 That *Int'rest*, *Int'rest* is the Cause of all: }  
 Whether men pass for *Moralists* or *Saints*  
 'Tis true — perhaps, too of their own *Complaints*.  
 What makes two *Combatants* stand off, but Fear  
 Each shou'd the *advantage* get if once too near?  
 Yet sure they would *unite*, tho' ne're so loth  
 Shou'd a *third man* come in to kill 'em both.  
 Even the *mad Jews* awhile *adjourn'd* their Hate  
 When they the *Romans* saw before the Gate;  
 But *madder* we keep up our Rage and *Spite*,  
 And leave our *Enemies* with our *Friends* to fight:

Fall out upon the *Beach*, and to pull down  
 Our *Neighbours* *Houses* will gladly fire our *arm*.  
 Ah griev'd *Religion* whither art thou fled?  
 Or say what *Desart* hides thy *blushing* *Head*?  
 Blushing for thy lewd Sons, with conscious *Name*,  
 That they'll not leave their *Polly* or their *Name*?  
 Shall we with those whose *Race* from *Minster* \* came  
 Seek in the *Waves* for thy secure *abode*?  
 Where like some *Water-Nymph* or *River-God*  
 They say thou thy *Majestick* *Coast* dost hold,  
 And for thy *Treasures* doe like *Shipwrack's* *Gold*?  
 Pretend *Heav'n's* *Patent* to engross the *Trade*,  
 And all besides have *Interlopers* made;  
 Upon that *Coast* they nothing have to do,  
 And therefore them with *Fire* and *Sword* pursue:  
 To these let's reckon *Venners* hot-brand crew,  
 Who like an *Amazon* *Religion* dress'd  
 Arm'd Cap-a-pe in *Helmes*, *Buck* and *Breast*:  
 Each knotty point decide with their broad *Sword*,  
 And murder all they meet with *Name* of *Lord*.  
 But tho' all *Sees* their *headlong* madnes blime,  
 Show me another word not do the same,  
 That safely might not even the trembling † *Race*,  
 With whom an *Ague* fits a mark of *Grace*;  
 But if too heavy on their *Toes* you tread,  
 Or chance to break their *Shins* — will break your *Head*:  
 The *Flesh* is strong, they *Now* by *Yea* and *Nay*,  
 'Twill sometimes with the *Spirit* run away.  
 Tho' that too has its *turn*; and the new *Light*  
 Leaves *Sence* and *Reason* often out of sight,  
 And mounts like *Lamborn* with a paper *Kite*.  
 They've *God* himself within 'em — tell not them  
 Oth' *Man* that suffered at *Jerusalem*!  
 Bull and mough *Gospels* only *Orthodox*.  
 They no *Apokies* own like *Pen* and *Fax*.  
 All their *Religion*, (such as please their *Trade*  
 May call) of meer *Antipathies* is made:  
*Reason* of *Atheism*, if alive, would be  
 A *Deist* in their *own* *Divinity*:

Antiquists.

Quakers.

And snarling Aphemisms make another,  
 As right as their lost Pennsylvania Brothers  
 But most commend me to that jovial Crew  
 Who think Mankind has nothing else to do,  
 Form'd for no nobler, higher Undertaking,  
 Than singing Doggrel Psalms † of their own making.  
 With open mouth they Dance Religion paint,  
 And ever chuse a Songster for a Saint;  
 By that their Strength of Judgment you may guess,  
 We know a Singing-man is seldom less;  
 But why themselves sweet Singers would they call?  
 Creaking of Wheels is Musick when they bawl:  
 The Shrieks of Owls, the Drift-man's O-bone,  
 Toads when they croak, or Quakers when they groan,  
 If to their cursed Tella compar'd they be,  
 Are little less than heavenly Harmonie.

What shou'd we any further venture on,  
 Or lose a Thought on dotting Muggleton  
 Dull, fordid Nonsense, senseless Blasphemy,  
 A heap of Filth the Rovers both and Hey  
 With these the Admirers may find a Place  
 Those Goats erect a barbarous brutal Race,  
 Their own, and all Humanity's disgrace,  
 Fit Planters for the Californian \* States,  
 For Bridewell and for Bedlam Candidates.

Tired with my search, upon a mossy Bed  
 I threw me careless down, and lean'd my Head  
 All pensive, on a gentle rising thorn,  
 Regretting the expence of Time and Care;  
 Sunk deep in Thought, a Spark comes by the while,  
 And proudly view'd me with a scornful smile.

'For what, nor it, nor ever was, he cries,  
 'Th' Enquiry, O how grave, the search how wise?  
 'For his vain Toil you the fond Chymist blame,  
 'Who scatters real Gold in Smoak and Flame.  
 'To find a fancy'd mine—yet do the same;  
 'A Shadow for a solid Substance chuse,  
 'Religion Court, and Pleasures Charms refuse,  
 'For future idle Tales true present Joys you lose.

'What now here is, is not direct me right  
 'To find her, and you make a *Prophesy*:  
 'Tis all a *Cheat* — and then I think he swore,  
 'Where or what is she? — I cou'd hear no more.  
 But rising thus — you Sir in vain pretend  
 To *censure* what you cannot comprehend;  
 Strifes for Religion rather do imply  
 There's something in it, than the contrary.  
 Who wou'd contend if *either side* were *right*,  
 Or for *imaginary Kingdoms* fight?  
 Wee'l take a *short Review*, nor need despair  
 To find some *Footsteps* of it every where.  
*Natural Religion*, which perhaps may do  
 For those who never any better know  
 Far off we need not seek, this plain *impress'd*,  
 E're blotted out by *Vice* on every *Breast*.  
 By this we all that's *fair* and *just* approve,  
 Honour and Virtue, Honesty and Love:  
 By this, altho' too *meek*, while 'tis conceal'd  
 To find it out, we judge of *Truth* reveal'd.  
 This by it self examines all the rest,  
 And justly *Votes* the *Christian Faith* the best.  
 E're knotty *Metaphysics* spoil'd the *Cred*,  
 Plain, simple, easie, those that can might read:  
 Believe what *Truth* reveals, do good to all  
 With pious *Prayers* in the first *Being* call  
 Relieve the *Poor*, the *Innocent* defend,  
 Forgive your *Enemy*, and love your *Friend*,  
 Your *Country* more, nor think your *Life* too dear,  
 Frankly to *sacrifice* to *Heaven* or *Her*.  
 This is *Religion*, this alone can save,  
 And this you'll find in the *fan Wife* and *Brave*.

**F I N I S**







